EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

INTERFERING WITH FREEDOM OF TRADE.

DEALING in grain is supposed to be a competitive business, in which one man can engage as well as another, provided he has the necessary capital. Evidence brought out in recent hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission indicates that this supposition is contrary to the facts of the situation. One dealer told how he had been driven out of business by railroad discrimination in favor of a rival concern.

Perhaps the most significant testimony, however, was that of W. S. Warren, former president of the Chicago Board of Trade. Mr. Warren told the commission that ten years ago from 150 to 200 grain merchants were regularly doing business on the board, whereas now there are but twenty-three. When asked to what he attributed the change, Mr. Warren replied, "To the fact that many men have been driven out of business by discriminations which the railroads have practiced in favor of certain large elevator companies."

It is obvious that the law increasing the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the purpose of enabling it to put an end to just such abuses was passed none too soon. It should be equaly apparent that the successful enforcement of that law and the actual termination of such gross outrages as are described to the commission by reputable witnesses can alone prevent the adoption of more radical measures aimed at unfair railroads and their associate conspirators.—Chicago News.

BANK PLUNDERING.

THE man who will deliberately abuse the trust reposed in him to the extent of dissipating the hard earned savings of trusting people, is a difficult character to analyze. He must be utterly devoid of moral sense, possess a conscience so calloused that it cannot distinguish between right and wrong, be selfish to a degree hardly to be appreciated, or have peculiar ideas in other directions hard to define. There is something radically wrong with him, and pity it is that the fact is not discovered before his wrong doing is found out.

The looting of the Milwaukee avenue bank of Chicago supplies an illustration of one or more of such characters or of all of them combined. The more the affairs of that bank are investigated, the more apparent does it become that its officers and directors were nothing more than a private combination of gamblers who used the money of depositors for real estate speculation, market flyers, and horse race betting. Its papers contain fake notes, forgeries, records of plain stealing such as never before have been found in the vaults of a defunct institution. These papers show that the game was played with shrewdness, indeed, so shrewdly as to deceive the bank examiners. Yet theft could have been detected and should have been detected if the bank examiners were qualified for the performance of their duties. Bank plundering occurs more on this account than on any other.

It has been said that it is no use to lock the barn after the horse has been stolen. This may be true in some instances, but locking the barn to prevent bank plundering is simply securing men as bank examiners who cannot be deceived and hoodwinked by rascally officers and directors. The barn can be locked in this case.—Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.

THE IMPROVING WORLD.

THOSE pessimistic individuals who discern in the reiterated accounts of the arrest of the boodlers, the arraignment of trusts and the prevalence of crime in high places an occasion for decialming upon the increasing degeneracy of the age, not only raise a false note, but they fail utterly to interpret aright the signs of the times.

The world is getting better instead of worse. The very fact that the guilty are being detected and brought to justice and the grafters and unlawful trusts forced to disgorge is evidence of this. The widespread interest in municipal reform and the importance attached by the whole country to the overthrow of vice in our cities is substantial testimony that conditions in every way, so far as public morals are concerned, are improving.

The ruthless suppression of the social evil and efforts everywhere to compel adherence to the law on the part of saloon-keepers marks a great advance over conditions as they existed twenty-five years ago. So great is the public interest in efforts of this kind that the fact that the enforced closing of saloons in Kansas City on Sunday, the purification of a portion of Pittsburg from the demoralizing influences of places of evil resort, and similar reforms in other cities is made the subject of more or less elaborate dispatches. A dozen years ago these things would have been considered purely local issues; to-day so sensitive is the public conscience to this whole question of moral reform and civic regeneration that the greatest news service in the country regards them as of sufficient importance to telegraph them broadcast. The world is growing decidedly better.—Philadelphia Press.

THE COST OF CUBA.

IT cost the United States heavily in men and money to wrest Cuba from Spain. More millions were expended in preparing the island for independence and giving its people a lesson in how to govern themselves. History does not afford a parallel to the self-sacrificing course of this country in behalf of Cuba. For this the Cubans have shown little gratitude. While they have here the best of markets for the larger part of what they produce, they have not reciprocated in trade. Other countries have been favored nearly or quite as much as the United States in supplying the wants of the Cubans. European merchants and manufacturers have a larger trade with the island now than before it became independent.

It is true that American exports to Cuba have increased in the last two or three years, but in no such degree as have the imports from Cuba. A vast amount of American capital has been invested in developing American industries there, but it has been of no very great benefit thus far to our trade.—Chicago Journal.

OLD Favorites

The Corn Song.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eves
Its harvest time has come.
We pluck away the frosted leaves
And bear the treasure home.

There, when the snows about us drift,
And winter winds are cold,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat field to the fly.

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God.
—John G. Whittier.

The Brookside.

I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill,
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beside the elm tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not—
The night came on alone—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind —
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard
—Lord Houghton.

TWO SIDES OF IT.

Mother Was Tired, but She Did It All for Daughter's Sake.

For the whole week before the Grantley's picnic Molly was on tiptoe with delight. The Grantleys were such lovely people, and she had longed to know them. Mollie's mother, watching the girl's happy face, thought proudly that Stella Grantley was not a bit sweeter or prettier than Mollie. She guessed folks would see it if they were not blind.

Mollie, dancing into the kitchen Tuesday afternoon, found her mother ironing a white shirt waist suit.

"O mother," she said, reproachfully, "I was going to do that!"

"I thought mebbe you wouldn't get back in time," her mother answered.

"It was ever so good of you," Mollie returned, absently. "Mother, I've just thought—don't you suppose I could make some of those little spice cakes before breakfast? I know nobody else would have anything like those."

"Why, I guess you could," her mother answered.

"And stuffed eggs and chicken sandwiches and olives," Mollie counted off triumphantly. "I'm not expected to carry so much, but I wanted people to know what things my mother could make. Besides, I do so want them to ask me again.

"I sha'n't think much of them if they don't," her mother declared.

"That's 'cause you're mother," Mollie laughed, kissing her. "Then I'll make the cakes before breakfast."

When she came down to breakfast, however, the cakes were all ready. Mollie did not seem greatly surprised; she was, in fact, already dressed in her white suit. At nine the buckboard came, and mother at the back door watched her ride away. There was not any girl so pretty as Mollie.

The day was one triumph for Mollie; she was quick and adaptable and added much to the fun, and her sandwiches and spice cakes were voted unsurpassable. That was in the morning. In the afternoon the sky darkened suddenly, and the horses were hurriedly put into the buckboard; there was an eight-mile ride before them, and but two umbrellas in the crowd. And then Mollie had her inspiration.

"Drive into our barn," she begged. "We can all have supper there. I won't promise you very much,"—dimpling prettily— "just hot biscuits and honey, but it will be better than losing half our day," and after a little hesitation, the others accepted her offer.

At four Mrs. Bennett say the load of young people drive into the yard. Five minutes later the house was overrun with girls, whom Mollie was arraying in dry clothes, while Mrs. Bennett was hurrying about the kitchen, making biscuit and salad.

"I knew you wouldn't mind," Mollie whispered.

That night in a dozen different homes the talk was of Mollie—how thoughtful she was, and how unselfish, and what a lovely hostess. In Mollie's own home a tired woman, washing the last of the supper dishes, was thinking with dismay of the dresses that would be in next week's wash.

"But girls will be girls," she said, tenderly.—Youth's Companion.

SMALLPOX IN PHILIPPINES.

Disease Almost Entirely Eradicated by Vaccination.

The records of the bureau of health at Manila show that within the last twelve months 213,000 people have been vaccinated by officials and many more by private physicians. When it is remembered that Manila's population is not more than 200,000, it can be understood why, in the year ended Dec. 31, 1904, there were only twenty-seven deaths from smallpox. Ten of the twenty-seven were Europeans or Americans who had neglected or avoided vaccination, says the New York Tribune.

During the Spanish regime a law existed making vaccination compulsory, but the chief good which resulted from the law was that the people became accustomed to its existence on the statute books and did not greatly object to it or strenously resist its application at the hands of the Americans. In a few provinces difficulties were met. In these cases vaccinators were at once withdrawn and the pueblos left to themselves. Within six months the contrast between the vaccinated and unvaccinated pueblos was so marked that the chief men of the objecting municipalities requested the vaccinators to return.

As smallpox is epidemic and pandemic in the Philippines, the necessity for a division of vaccination in the board of health is very great. The original plan was to organize a corps of 350 vaccinators. That number was considered necessary in order to vaccinate the inhabitants of the islands within three years. Owing to the depleted condition of the insular treasury, the commission has been unable to authorize the employment of so large a number, and with the small number of men available the question arises whether vaccination will not have to be practiced continuously for many years in order to immunize the 6,000,000 inhabitants who are now in those islands and their offspring as it arrives.

Smallpox in the Philippines occupied, prior to the advent of the Americans, about the same position in regard to its frequency, its mortality and its prevalence that it did in Europe prior to the discovery of vaccination, and as was the case in Europe, so in the Philippines, it seems to be almost a disease of childhood. The explanation of this is that all natives who have reached adult age were exposed to smallpox in childhood, and those who did not contract the disease may be considered immune. Smallpox in Manila is no longer to be feared, according to the annual report of the bureau of health for the Philippine islands, and not so many cases occur in proportion to its inhabitants as in the cities of Washington and Baltimore.

Philosophic.

"I see that a colored man came out victor in that great prize fight."

"Yes," answered Col. Stillwell. "And perhaps it is just as well. It prevents another story from being started to the effect that a colored man has been terrorized and coerced."—Washington Star.

Bridge.

"There's no bridge over the Hellespont," mused Hero, "and where there's no bridge there's no society in the true sense, so I'll just stay on this side."

And that was why Leander had to swim for it.—Puck.

There is a lot of trouble in store for the woman who has so little to do that she finds time to prove to herself that her husband's love is Growing Cold.

CORNISH COURAGE.

The man who handles sails must think for himself and act for himself. When the fisherman starts for his fishing grounds, or the pilot turns homeward again, there is no coach road along which he can drive a straight course. He must be tide-dodging and sail-trimming, finding his own way across shoals and currents. In "Mast and Sail" the author gives an example of Cornish courage.

There was the skipper, Roger Sennett, and there was a crew of six men and the boy. One of the men was ill, and "Uncle Dick" went in his place.

Uncle Dick, by reason of his being sick with malaria, was wearing all that a deep-sea fisherman wears in winter, including vast sea boots and a complete set of oilskins. It was thirty miles off the Lizard lights when everything was ready in the St. Michael to shoot the nets for the night. It was running down-wind with small mizzen and foresail, and the big westerly seas rolled up astern, backed by the fierce breeze, which, with a falling glass, threatened a stormy night.

As it was cautiously jibed, preparatory to bringing it to, to lower sail, the boy, against orders, got down to leeward, and when the foresail sheet gathered itself up and with the crack of a pistol went rigid as a bar of steel, it caught the astonished boy beneath the armpits, hoisted him into the air, and shot him twenty yards away into the gloaming seas.

Uncle Dick stood on the weather quarter and saw, and as he stood, plunged over the stern after the boy.

The cry of "Man overboard!" does not avail to bring a vessel into the wind when running at ten knots before an Atlantic blow. With helm hard down and all hands hardening in the sheets, it will be four hundred yards to leeward in the time that you can say it. So the sweeps and all available floating stuff sent overboard after the men were almost lost to sight by the time the St. Michael had brought itself up to meet the seas.

Another hand had thrown off his clothes, and with the end of a small line in his teeth, sprang overboard. While the boy soon had to act as rescuer to the old man, spent by sickness and encumbered with his vast weight of clothing, the new arrival collected all he could of the floating stuff and fought his way to his fast-drowning shipmates.

"Cheer up, Uncle Dick! Hold on, uncle!" the boy kept saying. "Here she comes! I see Roger's face quite plain, I do."

At last all were alongside, and the exhausted men were taken on board.

LIFE IN THE KLONDIKE.

Wages Are High but the Prices Are in Proportion.

In Dawson City and other places in the Klondike 25 cents is the smallest piece of money in circulation, and there are children who never saw anything smaller, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. A man who had not been out of Dawson for five years exhibited a dime which he was keeping as a curiosity.

Wages are high, but the necessaries of life are correspondingly expensive, so after all it is only the handling of larger sums of money. Canned goods are universally used, and as spoken of by the housekeeper as "tinned goods." Evaporated potatoes are eaten until midsummer, when the Yukon boats bring in a fresh supply, and even these sell at 15 cents a pound. Crystallized eggs are used for cooking purposes and fresh (?) ones are cheap in midsummer at $1 a dozen. Three eggs to order in a restaurant will cost the diner from 75 cents to $1, and in winter perhaps $1.50. Fowls do not thrive and chicken rarely appears on the menu card. Caribou steak is common and may be had for $1. A light lunch, consisting of a piece of pie and a small glass of milk, costs the business man 50 cents. Cans of condensed milk are found on all restaurant tables. A small hole is punched in the top and from this milk is poured into the coffee or tea. Table d'hote meals are served for $1 "easily within the reach of all." While almost everything eaten at this meal is of the "tinned" variety, the food is very palatable. The dinner consists of soup, fish, a roast of some sort, potatoes (usually the evaporated kind), a vegetable, pie or pudding, and tea or coffee. Dawson boasts of several hothouses, and during the early summer for 50 cents extra a few leaves of lettuce or half a dozen frail-looking spring onions will be added. The fish are delicious, and people often refuse the roast and take a large portion of fish instead.

Clothing is likewise expensive, and a tailor-made gown is a luxury, and one which sells anywhere in the States for $40 will bring $80 in Dawson. The cause of this is not the rapacity of the merchant, but the cost of transportation.

There is no place in the world which has a wider range of temperature than Dawson. In winter the mercury drops to 60 and 70 degrees below zero, and the ordinary thermometer goes out of business and a spirit instrument is used to register the degrees of cold. In midsummer it sometimes becomes so warm that the sluice boxes at the mines are worked at night, which is always cool, instead of during the day. This can easily be done, as throughout the summer the sun comes up before 3 in the morning and goes out of sight after 10 in the evening. The red glow remains all night, and one may read a newspaper by a window at midnight. The "Cheechaco" (the Indian word for newcomer, and the popular term for tenderfoot) finds it difficult to go to sleep on account of the light. This is reversed in winter, and during December and January there are only three hours of daylight each day.

A Boomerang.

"What's the matter with your head?" inquired the first bunco man.

"A farmer I met to-day just banged me there with his carpet bag," replied the other.

"It must have been a pretty hard carpet bag."

"Yes, it had a gold brick in it that I had sold him yesterday."—Philadelphia Press.